













# Maine Farmer.

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The Maine Farmer Publishing Co.,  
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JOSEPH H. MANLEY, Director.  
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JAMES S. SANBORN, Director.  
GEORGE M. TWITCHELL, Director.

JOSEPH H. MANLEY, President.  
GEORGE M. TWITCHELL, Editor and Manager.

THURSDAY, FEB. 22, 1900.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.  
\$1.50 AFTER 3 MONTHS.

ONLY AGRICULTURAL  
NEWSPAPER IN MAINE.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:  
For one inch space, \$2.50 for four insertions and sixty cents for each subsequent insertion. Classified ads. one cent a word, each insertion.

COLLECTORS' NOTICES.  
Mr. T. Brooks Reed is calling on subscribers in Kennebec County.  
Mr. F. S. Berry is calling on subscribers in Somerset County.  
Mr. E. S. Gifford is calling on subscribers in Androscoggin County.  
Mr. A. G. Pratt is calling on subscribers in Cumberland County.  
Mr. H. S. Lander is calling on subscribers in Eastern Kennebec County.

...THE...

# MAINE FARMER.

## 12,000 WEEKLY CIRCULATION.

Have you anything to sell?  
USE THESE COLUMNS.

The classified ad. column will bring returns.

TRY IT.

This is the season when buyers are looking.

SECURE THEM.

Tell your story to **60,000** MAINE FARMER readers weekly.

THE LIVE,  
PROGRESSIVE,  
AGRICULTURAL  
NEWSPAPER  
OF THE EAST.

Fearless, Unbiased, Independent.

Devoted to the home farm and farm home of the East, it is to be more outspoken in their behalf than ever.

Sample Copy sent on application.

Try the Maine Farmer for one month.

PASSIN' ROUN' DE HAT.

By JOHN TWITCHELL MOORE.  
[Laughs, with variations, from an Alabama cown's sermon.]  
Now, brudder'n' an' sisters, you've been so kind an' true,  
A-doin' nearly ev'rythin' I axes you to do,  
But in one thing you've lackin'—I tells you now 'bout dat—  
You ain't a flingin' in enuff—  
When we pass aroun' de hat.

You know, beloved brudder'n' a preacher's got to lib.  
An' has to 'pon on pretty much jes' what you min' ter gib.  
So wake up now, my brudder'n', and notice who you at.  
An' 'chib in lively wid yo' cash—  
When we pass aroun' de hat.

Dar's Parson Johnson—Mefolis—he holler mighty loud.  
He says he bleege to holler kase he blong to de holler'n' crowd.  
See L., 'Bret' Parson Johnson, what make you slick an' fat?  
'Jes' keepin' 'em awake,' sez he,  
'When we pass aroun' de hat!'

So, Sister Bennett, raise de chune—de trouble loud and strong.  
An', brudder Moses, you jine in an' fetch de bass along.  
An', brudder Low, 'jes' bolt dat do—you folks stay who you at—  
Now, brudder Jones an' Deacon Smith,  
You pass aroun' dat hat!

Already there are signs that another run is to be made on the state treasury, next winter, for money for a new normal school building, and to warm into life more defunct academies. It is not a question of the needs of the state, but a pull on the treasury.

The refusal of the House to accept the credentials of Roberts, the Mormon, and of the Senate to the right of a seat to ex-Senator Quay, may well be accepted as a clearing of the political atmosphere, and that hereafter lawful candidates and legitimate means are to prevail.

This is the season of the year when the subscribers of the Farmer can aid materially in spreading its circulation by inducing friends and neighbors to become regular readers of its columns. We crave your assistance. Our club rate is five subscriptions for \$4. Can you not start a club?

Since the month of October, Prof. Carl Breen of Bangor has gathered in over 200,000,000 caterpillar eggs from the trees in the vicinity of that city. What the coming season is to bring cannot be foretold, but the trees all over Maine are covered with these eggs, and there is danger of more trouble than last year.

Our new and intensely interesting story, "The Crucifixion of Philip Strong," by the author of "In His Steps," opens in the Maine Farmer this week. Tell your friends of this opportunity to get a story by the most popular writer of the day by subscribing for the Farmer at only \$1 a year.

All over the state the press is crying out against the movement to centralize interest in "Old Home Week" in one or two cities. The position taken by the Farmer to include every home in Maine is the only one which can be justified. Bro. Brackett of Belfast says: "No rallying points, at any special cities or summer resorts," but let it be every city, town or hamlet."

The superiority of Maine sweet corn over that from any other part of the country, has been admitted by all authorities, and now it seems that the southern and western packers realize the fact, for they are branding their inferior produce "Maine Corn." It is stated that Maine packers will adopt some radical measures to stop this fraud and protect themselves and the state.

The Washington County Railroad will distribute 25,000 copies of its March issue, a very neat and attractive 32-page, fully illustrated booklet, at the Boston Sportsman's Show, which opens today. This issue of the monthly sent out by the enterprising manager of this road, is full of interesting matter relating to the new Sunrise route and the county through which it passes.

Of the almost 2,000 fires in Maine, last year, six were set by a combination of mice and matches, 21 by ashes, 20 by carelessness, 32 caught about the chimney, 41 caught from lamps, 51 were accidental, and of the whole number, the thorough work done by the department leaves only 383 not fully accounted for. The complete table presented indicates the value of the examination made, and that in the future the "chance" fires will be less than in the past.

If Senator Hoar should succeed in securing passage for his bill prohibiting the importation into the United States of birds, feathers or parts of birds for ornamental purposes, and that there shall be no transportation of birds, feathers or parts of birds to be used or sold from any state or territory of the United States, to or through any state or territory of the United States, he will have done a grand service. This will completely prevent the destruction of birds in Florida for the purpose of adorning women's hats in Maine and Massachusetts.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who has been giving money freely to assist in endowing free libraries, puts forth the following good reason for his action: "My preference for free libraries as a means of helping the swimming, not the submerged, tenth, is that libraries give nothing for nothing. In order to get benefit from them a man must help himself, must read and study. You cannot boost a man up a ladder if he does not do a little of the climbing himself. It is only pouring water into a sieve to give money to those who have no desire to improve their condition."

There are some very important constitutional points involved in the Porto Rican bill, which was reported from the committee on ways and means last week, and the debate in the House, which begins today, will be one of great importance. It will be remembered that the committee refused to follow the recommendations of the President for free trade with Porto Rico, and imposed a duty of 25 per cent. This, it is said, involves the question whether the island of Porto Rico is or is not a part of the United States under the constitution. Meanwhile what is to be the effect of the decision upon the agricultural interests of this country, the products of that island being almost entirely from the fields.

At the late meeting of the Woman's Federation in Portland, the following wise, clear and explicit declaration regarding our schools was adopted: "We believe in well-built, well-lighted, well-ventilated, well-heated and well-located school houses. We believe in protecting the health of the children by thorough sanitation. We believe in good school books and few changes. We believe that politics has no place on the school boards. We believe that those best qualified ought to direct public education. We believe that the education of our children be the most sacred trust committed to the city. We believe that the public schools belong to the whole people, and should be absolutely free from sectional and sectarian bias."

The fact that a man is a professor in school or college does not prove that he has a well-balanced brain or is endowed with a fair degree of common sense. The most erratic, unreasonable and unsound social, financial and religious theories have been the outcome of these men. One has been heard from lately, Prof. W. G. Sumner of Yale College, in his lecture to the senior class, Thursday, declared: "That it was his belief that 90 per cent of the marriages of the present day turn out unhappily, and that marriage, nowadays, is not a matter of love, but is taken more as a matter of course. He said that most young men, when they reach a certain age, consider it the right thing to get married, and do not wait until they find an ideal."

The Journal has found little to commend in the Australian ballot law, and would really like to know if to that measure is due the fact that in sending months in advance it was accompanied by a list of the Presidential electors to be chosen by that convention and the name of the presiding officer. If that is so, the Australian system was a failure to see the necessity for holding a convention. Perhaps this is a great kindness on the part of some one in thus relieving the voter of all trouble in such matters, but we are inclined to think that a majority of American citizens are prejudiced in favor of exercising their right of suffrage.—*Republican Journal, Belfast.*

Some day the people will wake to the

## SPECIAL OFFER.

The remarkable increase in our subscription list during the past few months is very gratifying, and though we have now reached the 12,000 mark, it is our desire to swell the list to 20,000 before spring.

With the subscription price at only \$1.00 a year, the Maine Farmer is giving more live reading matter than any other paper, but that we may serve our subscribers in every way possible, this **GREAT OFFER** is made, to remain open for a brief period.

FOR \$1.50 we will send the Maine Farmer one year, the Woman's Home Companion, an elegant monthly, one year, and the Life of Dewey, profusely illustrated, a volume of 350 pages; or,

FOR \$1.50 we will send the Maine Farmer one year, The Housekeeper, one of the best home monthlies, one year, and the Buckeye Cook Book, 535 pages.

Here are the greatest offers ever made, and they well merit immediate acceptance. Send in your orders and secure these grand premiums while swelling the influence of the agricultural and home paper of Maine.

## DON'T DELAY.

fact that the ballot law now in operation affords the greatest protection possible to the party manipulator, prevents rather than promotes individual freedom and action, and is a burden of expense, unnecessary and unwarranted.

### TAXATION.

Hon. Orrin McFadden of Dresden, in discussing the question of taxation in a straightforward manner and calling attention to the inequalities which exist but it seems to us that he fails to make clear that these are fixed by law and that reform must come through legislation. He says:

"The total amount of stock of Maine railroads as given on page 223 railroad commissioners' report of 1898, is \$40,876,898.10. If this stock was taxed at its par value at the rate of fifteen mills (which is less than the average rate in the cities and towns of Maine) it would yield the sum of \$613,133.17. The tax actually levied on the railroads in the state in 1898 was \$108,752.83. Difference, \$444,385.44.

The value of wild lands in the state in 1898 as given in state assessors' report, page 252, is \$16,238,828 and this value assessed at fifteen mills would yield the sum of \$243,582.42. The tax actually levied was \$46,958.71. The difference is \$196,623.71. Putting the two differences together we have the sum of \$641,208.05! The state tax apportioned to the cities and towns of the state in 1898 was \$905,179.49. It will be noticed that the sum of the differences between the tax which railroads and wild lands actually paid, and the sum which they would have paid had they been taxed according to the state constitution is more than two-thirds as large as the whole state tax apportioned to the cities and towns of the state!"

The present system of taxing railroads was enacted by the legislature when their earnings were not sufficient to meet actual expenses. For more than thirty years the Maine Central railroad did not earn running expenses and of course paid no dividends, and the stock sold for a song. Within the past fifteen years, through the development of the state to which it has been a generous contributor, the situation is changed but the law remains. The last two roads to be incorporated, the Aroostook and Washington county, secured concessions by which 95 per cent of their tax is refunded by the state in return for a possible service in transporting troops and munitions of war. On the floor of the House of Representatives during the last session Hon. J. H. Manley, a director of the Maine Central, pledged that road and its influence to a fair and just readjustment of the question of taxation as applying to all classes of property, and to the discussion of what this shall be our careful attention and calm deliberation should be given. Any change from the present revenue must be the outcome of legislation and here is where attention must center.

The railroads can justly pay a larger tax than under the present law, but the volume of increase can be determined only by a critical examination. Mr. McFadden is a fair-minded man, seeking only that justice be done, and we do not believe he would demand of the Washington County R. R. just what it failed to pay running expenses by \$8,000 the first year. Its coming to us immediately enhance the value of all the towns in southeastern Maine and the state will reap its share of the increased business.

What has been said about railroads applies equally to wild lands. Here there are no roads, no paupers, no schools, no advantages such as are vouchsafed in the incorporated towns and the tax must be upon the actual value of the lands for the purpose for which they are kept. Like the railroads the law governing their taxing was fixed when their value was but a trifle compared with the present. Their valuation can be raised by the state assessors but the rate can only be that of the state tax. When Mr. McFadden talks of fifteen mills he is talking what is impossible until the law is changed.

Legislation alone can remedy these things and the men who are at the

Senate Chamber and House of Representatives next winter will decide what changes are to come to the people of Maine along these lines. Who these men shall be the voters are to determine. In this all are agreed, they should every one be broad-minded, intelligent, representative men of Maine, those who will seek earnestly and faithfully to deal justly with every industry and act impartially as relates to every class of property. To the selection and election of these men and the persistent discussion of the whole subject of taxation as relating to the whole, careful attention may well be directed.

### MARCH ELECTIONS AND REFORM.

Throughout the length and breadth of the state there is an ever increasing going up for greater economy, for reduced expenditures for relief from undue burdens of taxation on farm property, real and personal. The justice of this demand is admitted by all classes, the difficulty arises when definite steps are attempted. The danger is now that the object aimed at will be lost sight of by minor matters engrossing attention. The first step towards any approach to equalization must come through the annual town meeting, and as these open next Monday the individual taxpayer has time for action.

Out of the total tax paid by the individual in the average rural town, that resulting from the appropriations made at the annual town meeting, with his proportion of the county tax, amounts to eighty-seven per cent. of the whole amount. Thus out of a total tax of fifty dollars paid by any man, six dollars goes to the state and forty-four dollars to his own town treasury to be expended in accordance with the vote of the annual town meeting. This illustrates the importance of personal attendance upon, and activity in all matters relating to town affairs, fighting against all objectionable appropriations and for all which are of necessity. Individual opinion must decide in all these matters but individual activity may everywhere be urged for only upon this are our institutions secure. If reduction in taxation is desired the town meeting where the great bulk of the annual assessment is fixed must receive earnest attention. Attend the March elections and study the articles in the town warrant.

### SCHOOLS OF MAINE.

The annual report of the schools of Maine is received, a volume of one hundred and fifty pages with many illustrations of school buildings in different parts of the State. The fact of increased interest in school buildings as well as studies is a cause for just pride. For this the grange has been laboring for years, lending a hearty influence all over the state and in the outcome of the combined efforts there is cause for rejoicing. Supt. Stetson has exerted a strong influence in favor of better school buildings and grounds and plans were submitted prepared in accordance with the recommendations of the state board of health and drawings made by one of the architects of the state. The wisdom of this course has been demonstrated by the character of the new school buildings erected in the state, as is shown in the illustrations which accompany the report.

The efforts put forth to introduce Manual training have shown a quality of work and a proficiency hardly less than astonishing. These children have constructed in miniature nearly all the implements and utensils used on the farm or found in the home. These were manufactured with the simple tools found in these rural homes. Some children have progressed so far that they have been able to make carriages complete in every detail, including the woodwork, ironing, painting, striping and upholstery. All the paraphernalia necessary to the manufacture of cloth was made by one child, including the small spinning wheel, the large spinning wheel, the swift, the loom, the warp, and the shuttle, and a section of cloth was woven some three feet in length and fifteen inches in width. Another furnished a complete outfit for a blacksmith shop, including all the tools and appliances found in an industry of this kind.

It is gratifying to learn that two hundred and seventy-six buildings have been erected or rebuilt, at an aggregate cost of \$498,248 and this excellent record has been made during a period of exceptional financial stringency and unusual industrial depression. If the pace is maintained for twelve years all the school buildings in the state will be rebuilt, or replaced by new structures. It is pleasing to be informed that sixty-nine school buildings have been removed further from the highway, and that eight hundred and fifty-four buildings have been painted, five hundred and seventy-three have been shingled, and that modern desks have been provided for eight hundred and fifty-seven.

Superintendents have appreciated the necessity of having in the school room something besides text books for the pupils to read, and have therefore furnished them with 38,783 volumes of standard literature. That the teachers may do their work better than it was possible for them otherwise to do it, school officials have purchased for them 6,391 volumes relating to school work, methods, devices, and books of standard literature.

From the statistical summaries included in the report, it is learned that the number of persons of school age in Maine in 1899 was 210,192, an increase of 479 over 1898. The whole number attending school was 131,588, a decrease of 2,817. The registered attendance per term was 113,244, a decrease of 2,372. There was a decrease of 3,473 in the aggregate number of weeks, which was 116,097. The number of teachers employed was 6,447, a decrease of 270. The number of normal school graduates employed is 1,017.

### ANNUAL G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT.

The annual sessions of the Maine Department G. A. R. held in Portland last week were of unusual interest. The official reports gave the following statistics:

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

## Cures All Blood Humors

### America's Greatest Spring Medicine.

Number of posts in good standing, 101, a loss of three during the year; number of members in good standing, 7,067, a loss of 401; mortality during the year, 234, the greatest, with a single exception, in the department's history; receipts for the year, \$2,289.15; expenditures, \$1,780.33; cash on hand, \$10,807.19; relief fund on hand, \$5,908.53; total value of post property, \$100,033.08.

A grand campfire was held at the Auditorium, some 600 comrades participating. From the able address of Commander Robie we make brief abstracts. The present state of our noble organization and the high plane on which its work is conducted, should be a cause of rejoicing to us all. We stand upon the threshold of a new century, and as we look back and compare the present with the past, we are filled with admiration and amazement at the marvelous progress that civilization has steadily made.

It should be a source of satisfaction and congratulation to every loyal citizen that the country has been so generous to the men who won their scars in defending the Stars and Stripes. We find enrolled upon the late in evidence of a nation's gratitude the names of about 900,000 pensioners of the Civil War, requiring an annual appropriation of nearly \$150,000,000.

There is no source from which we can replenish our diminishing numbers. Our only consolation is the hope that the sons who are bound to us by the strongest family ties, will take our places, defend our principles, honor our memories, and hand down to future generations the glory of our achievements, thereby perpetuating the free and independent government "of the people, for the people and by the people," which our efforts have preserved. Upon them and their posterity will rest in a large measure the responsibility that this government does not pass from this earth. The Sons of Veterans form an organization which should be very dear to us, and it is fitting that we should aid our children to establish an order that shall in due season take the place of our own, and become like it, flourishing and great and strong.

Among the elements that have contributed most prominently to the success and prosperity of the Sons of the Grand Army are the State and National Relief Corps, composed largely of the mothers, wives and daughters of the soldiers. The two Relief Corps of our own state, entirely independent organizations, have accomplished most valuable results. Working along the same lines and filled with the same aspirations, they have won the heartfelt gratitude of the veterans whose necessities they have alleviated. Let us forever cherish the memory of the heroes who fought so bravely and suffered so much to defend and save the flag of this republic of ours. Let us pay them tenderly one by one in the window place of eternal rest, and mark each grave with a suitable monument and inscription. Then on each successive return of this Memorial Day, which the Grand Army has instituted, let old and young gather about the spot where lie the old soldiers of 1861-65, and with appropriate exercises deck their resting place with the most beautiful flowers of spring.

At the election, Hon. Seth T. Snipe, Bath, was chosen commander; Edward P. Farnace, Oxford, senior vice commander; A. L. Pratt, North Turner, junior vice commander; J. H. McGregor, Montague, medical director; Rev. J. W. Webster, Newport, chaplain.

### A PLEDGE KEPT.

When the people of the state were besieged by the friends of the ticket scalpers last year, to help put dollars into their pockets by what was known as the Mileage bill, President Wilson of the Maine Central stated, at the public hearing before the legislation, that the duty of the road was first to those who travelled little and paid local fares, and that as soon as possible the road would reduce the local tariff. The announcement is now made that on and after March 1, the pledge will be kept and the maximum fare between any stations will be three cents a mile, thus placing this railroad on a line with any other.

It should not be forgotten that there are branches and long stretches on this road which never have begun to pay the expenses of transportation for the passengers, married, yet complete service must be maintained and the tariff rates be made uniform. To illustrate what the changes are we present a few giving the old and new rate.

	Old Rate.	New Rate.
Portland and Freeport.	1.50	.75
Portland and Brunswick.	1.00	.75
Portland and Bath.	1.00	.75
Portland and Rockport.	2.50	1.25
Portland and Farmington.	.65	.24
Portland and Lewiston.	.65	.24
Portland and Waterville.	2.06	1.03
Portland and Waterville.	2.06	2.35
Augusta and Waterville.	1.20	.60
Augusta and Brunswick.	1.20	.60
Augusta and Bangor.	2.66	2.25
Lewiston and Waterville.	1.00	.75
Lewiston and Winthrop.	.75	.60
Farmington and Lewiston.	1.70	1.40
Farmington and Waterville.	1.65	1.40
Waterville and Belfast.	1.65	1.40
Waterville and Newport.	1.00	.80
Waterville and Bangor.	2.00	1.75
Waterville and Bangor.	1.95	1.65
Bangor and Waterville.	1.95	1.65
Bangor and Ellsworth.	.05	.90
Bangor and Mt. Desert Ferry.	.50	1.25
Bangor and Mt. Desert Ferry.	1.50	1.25
Bangor and Danforth.	2.06	.60
Rockland and Waterville.	1.45	1.10
Rockland and Newcastie.	1.45	.90
Portland and Cornish.	1.10	.90



**City News.**

Until the generation passes the public will not realize the great service Prof. W. R. Chapman is doing the State of Maine by inspiring it to the choicest music. Starting with pure, unadorned love for Maine, his native state, he is severe in building up the yearly festival and bringing here the best talent in the world that the craving for the choicest may be firmly implanted and the refining process of the years has withstood the influence. The promise for the Festival in Sept. is beyond anything ever enjoyed in New England, and every singer in every chorus is to be a participant. The support rendered this grand movement.

**BEECHAM'S PILLS**—No equal for constipation.

**CALL ON OUR AGENT**

[illegible]

Grange Hall, Burkettville, Thursday,  
March 1st, 1.30 P. M. "Roads and Farm  
Fertility," by Sec. B. W. McKee. 7.30  
P. M. "The Growing and Handling of  
Farm Crops," by F. S. Adams. 7.30 P.  
M. "Roads and Farm Fertility," by Sec. McKee. 1.30  
P. M. "The Growing and Handling of  
Farm Crops," by F. S. Adams. 7.30 P.  
M. "Orchard Management," by F. H.  
Kolling.  
Grange Hall, Union, Friday, March 2d,  
10.30 A. M. "The Growing and Handling  
of Farm Crops," by F. S. Adams. 1.30  
P. M. "Orchard Management," by F. H.  
Kolling. 7.30 P. M. "Roads and Farm  
Fertility," by Sec. McKee.  
B. W. MCKEE, Sec.

**BROWN'S** Bronchial  
Troches  
the popular cure for  
**IRRITATED THROATS.**  
Fac-Simile Signature of *John A. Brown* on every box.

references required. Address,  
4417 "G. M.," Maine  
**WANTED.**  
Ten or twelve large, healthy, thr  
stein or Durham cows, not over five  
that yield a large flow of milk and  
or about to come in. They must be  
easy milkers. No small, worn-out or  
animals will be considered. Addres  
full description of each cow and low  
price, also where they can be seen.  
4417 "G. M.," Maine

Static electricity scientific  
his office in Skowhegan. Off  
A. M. to 2 P. M.

Dr. Bigelow will be at  
HOUSE, AUGUSTA, the sec  
Wednesdays of each month

**"AIR CUSHION" RUBBER**  
ways make a GOOD IMPRE  
surface, last the longest an  
than the ordinary stamps.  
**FLETCHER & CO., 53 Chap  
Maine.**

**AUGUSTA**  
and fourth

**TAMPS**  
ALON on any  
est no more  
for prices.  
t., **Augusta,**

sons for selling.  
**WANTED AT C**  
see me or write.

**E. W. HALL, M**

**H. F. BURT, Taunton**  
sized pkts. Flower See  
**Dahlias \$1; 10 pkts.**  
Satisfaction guaranteed.  
vited. *Lists free, 60 pri*  
Best collection in Ame

**CUSTOMER**  
**CE.** Come and  
**Vernon, Me.**  
class., sends 12 full-  
10c; 20 different  
table Seeds 25c.  
Correspondence in-  
for Dahlias in 1899.  
Please write.

Co., Coatesville, Pa. N. F. BOTER &  
engravings for catalogues. 100  
BAGS—We will buy cotton seed meal bags, of  
sateen, bran, middlings and flour sacks  
and pay the freight. SAGADAHOC FERTILIZER  
Co., Bowdoinham, Me.  
PRIME Egg case illustrated circular and  
price list free. Agent Wanted. E. A  
FARMER, Aver Junction, Mass.  
HEAVY WRAPPING PAPER, in large  
sheets, to use under your carpets. Call  
at the MAIN FARMER OFFICE. Price low.

1 " Early Dinger Onion, 10c  
1 " Brilliant Flower Seeds, 10c  
Worth \$1.00, for 14 cents. \$1.00

Above 10 Pkgs. worth \$1.00, we will mail you free of charge with our great Catalog, telling all about

**SALEN'S MILLION DOLLAR POTATO**  
upon receipt of this notice & 14c stamps. We are now ready, and know when you once try Salen's, seeds you will never do without.

**\$2000 Prizes on Salen's 1906—rarest Sweet Potato Giant on Earth.**

**JOHN A. SALEN, SEED CO., LA CROIXE, WIS.**

range Hall, Union, Friday, March 2d,  
10 A. M. "The Growing and Handling  
of Farm Crops," by F. S. Adams. 1.30  
P. M. "Orchard Management," by F. H.  
Adams. 7.30 P. M. "Roads and Farm  
Utility," by Sec. McKeen.

**BROWN'S** Bronchial  
Troches  
the popular cure for  
**IRRITATED THROATS.**  
Fac-Simile Signature of *John A. Brown* on every box.

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**WANTED.**  
Ten or twelve large, healthy, thr  
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Wednesdays of each month

**"AIR CUSHION" RUBBER**  
ways make a GOOD IMPRE  
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**FLETCHER & CO., 53 Chap  
Maine.**

**AUGUSTA**  
and fourth

**TAMPS**  
ALON on any  
est no more  
for prices.  
t., **Augusta,**

sons for selling.  
**WANTED AT C**  
see me or write.

**E. W. HALL, M**

**H. F. BURT, Taunton**  
sized pkts. Flower See  
**Dahlias \$1; 10 pkts.**  
Satisfaction guaranteed.  
vited. *Lists free, 60 pri*  
Best collection in Ame

**CUSTOMER**  
**CE.** Come and  
**Vernon, Me.**  
class., sends 12 full-  
10c; 20 different  
table Seeds 25c.  
Correspondence in-  
for Dahlias in 1899.  
Please write.



## THE CRUCIFIXION OF PHILIP STRONG.

By REV. CHARLES M. SHELTON,  
Author of "In His Steps: What Would Jesus Do?" "Malcolm Kirk," "Robert Hardy's Seven Days," Etc.

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CHAPTER I.  
Philip Strong could not decide what was best to do.

The postman that evening had brought him two letters, and he had just finished reading them. He sat with his hands clasped over his knees, leaning back in his chair and looking out through his study window. He was evidently thinking very hard, and the two letters were the cause of it.

Finally he rose, went to his study door and called down the stairs: "Sarah, I wish you would come up here. I want your help."

"All right, Philip, I'll be up in a minute," responded a voice from below, and very soon the minister's wife came up stairs into her husband's study.

"What's the matter?" she said as she came into the room. "It must be something very serious, for you don't call me up unless you are in great distress. You remember the last time you called me, you had shut the tassel of your dressing gown under the lid of your writing desk, and I had to cut you loose. You aren't faint anywhere now, are you?"

Philip smiled faintly. "Yes, I am. I'm in a strait between two. Let me read these letters, and you will see."

So he began to read, and she will copy the letters, omitting dates:

CALVARY CHURCH, MILTON.

Dear Sir:—At a meeting of the Milton Calvary church, held last week, it was voted unanimously to extend you a call to become pastor of this church at a salary of \$2,000 a year. We trust that you will find it in accordance with the will of the church to accept this decision.

The church is in need of a pastor, and the hearty support of most of the leading families in the town. It is the strongest in membership and financially of the seven principal churches here. We await your reply, confidently hoping you will decide to come to us. We have been without a settled pastor now for nearly a year, since the death of Dr. Brown, and we have united upon you as the person most eminently fitted to fill the pulpit of Calvary church. The grace of our Lord be with you. In behalf of the church,

WILLIAM WINTERS,  
Chairman of the Board of Trustees.

"What do you think of that, Sarah?" asked Philip Strong, as he finished the letter.

"Two thousand dollars is twice as much as you are getting now, Philip."

"What, you mercenary little creature, do you think of the salary first?"

"If I did not think of it once in awhile, I doubt if you would have a de-

cent meal or a good suit of clothes," replied the minister's wife, looking at him with a smile.

"Oh, well, that may be, Sarah. But let me read you the other letter. It went on without the salary matter:

CHAPLAIN HILL CHURCH, ELMDALE.

Rev. Philip Strong:—Dear Brother:—At a meeting of the Elmdale Chapel Hill church, held last week Thursday, it was unanimously voted to extend you a call to become pastor of the church at a salary of \$2,000 a year, with two months' vacation, to be selected at your own convenience. The chapel Hill church is in a prosperous condition, and many of the members recall your career in the college with much pleasure. This is an especially strong center for church work, the proximity of the boys' academy and the university making the situation one of great power to a man who thoroughly understands and enjoys young men, as we know you do. We most earnestly hope you will consider this call not as purely formal, but as from the hearts of the people. We are, very cordially yours, in behalf of the church,

PROFESSOR WELLMAN,  
Chairman of the Board of Trustees.

"What do you think of that?" asked the minister again.

"The salary is just the same, isn't it?"

"Now, Sarah," said the minister, "if I didn't know what a generous, unselfish heart you really have, I should get very vexed at you for talking about the salary as if that was the most important thing."

"The salary is very important, though. But you know, Philip, I would be as willing as you are to live on no salary if the grocer and butcher would continue to feed us for nothing. I wish from the bottom of my heart that we could live without money."

"It is a bother, isn't it?" replied Philip, so gravely that his wife laughed heartily at his tone.

"Well, the question is, what to do with the letters," resumed the minister. "Which of the two churches do you prefer?" asked his wife.

"I would rather go to the Chapel Hill church as far as my preference is concerned."

"Then why not accept their call, if that is the way you feel?"

"Because, while I should like to go to Elmdale, I feel as if I ought to go to Milton."

"Now, Philip, I don't see why, in a choice like this, you don't do as you feel inclined to do and accept the call that pleases you most. Why should ministers be doing what they ought instead of what they like? You never please yourself."

"Well, Sarah," replied Philip good naturedly, "this is the way of it. The church in Elmdale is in a university town. The atmosphere of the place is scholarly. You know I passed four years of student life there. With the exception of the schools, there are not a thousand people in the village, a quiet, sleepy, dull, retired, studious place. I love the memory of it. I could go there as the pastor of the

Elmdale church and preach to an audience of college boys eight months in the year and to about 80 refined, scholarly people the rest of the time. I could indulge my taste for reading and writing and enjoy a quiet pastorage there to the end of my days."

"Then, Philip, I don't see why you don't reply to their call and tell them you will accept, and we will move at once to Elmdale and live and die there. It is a beautiful place, and I am sure we could live very comfortably on the salary and the vacation. There is no vacation mentioned in the other call."

"But, on the other hand," continued the minister, almost as if he were alone and arguing with himself and had not heard his wife's words, "on the other hand, there is Milton, manufacturing town of 50,000 people, mostly operatives. It is the center of much that belongs to the stirring life of the times in which we live. The labor question is there in the lives of those operatives. There are seven churches of different denominations, to the best of my knowledge, all striving after popularity and power. There is much hard, stern work to be done in Milton by the true church of Christ, to apply his teachings to men's needs, and somehow I cannot help hearing a voice say: 'Philip Strong, go to Milton and work for Christ. Abandon your dream of a parish where you may indulge your love of scholarship in the quiet atmosphere of a university town and plunge into the hard, disagreeable, but necessary work of this age, in the atmosphere of physical labor, where great questions are being discussed and the masses are engrossed in the terrible struggle for liberty and home, where physical life thrusts itself out into society, trampling down the spiritual and intellectual and demanding of the church and the preacher the fighting powers of giants of God to restore in men's souls a more just proportion of the value of the life of man on earth.'"

"So, you see, Sarah," the minister went on after a little pause, "I want to go to Elmdale, but the Lord probably wants me to go to Milton."

Mrs. Strong was silent. She had the utmost faith in her husband that he would do exactly what he knew he ought to do when once he decided what it was. Philip Strong was also silent a moment. At last he said, "Don't you think so, Sarah?"

"I don't see how we can always tell exactly what the Lord wants us to do. How can you tell that he doesn't want you to go to Elmdale? Are there not great opportunities to influence young student life in a university town? Will not some one go to Elmdale and become pastor of that church?"

"No doubt there is a necessary work to be done there. The only question is, Am I the one to do it or is the call to Milton more imperative? The more I think of it, the more I am convinced that I must go to Milton."

"Then," said the minister's wife, rising suddenly and speaking with a mock seriousness that her husband fully understood, "I don't see why you called me up to decide with me, when you had evidently settled before you called me. Do you consider that fair treatment, sir? It will serve you right if those biscuits I put in the oven when you called me are fallen as completely as Babylon. And I will make you eat half a dozen of them, sir, to punish you. We cannot afford to waste any thing this time."

"What," cried Philip slyly, "not on \$2,000 a year? But I'll eat the biscuits. They can't possibly be any worse than the ones we had a week after we were married—the ones we bought from the bakery, you remember," Philip added hastily.

"You saved yourself just in time, then," replied the minister's wife. She came close up to the desk and in a different tone said, "Philip, you know I believe in you, don't you?"

"Yes," said Philip impulsively. "I am sure you do. I am impulsive and impractical, but heart and soul and body and mind, I simply want to do the will of God."

"I know it is," she said, "and if you go to Milton it will be because you want to do his will more than to please yourself."

"Yes, then shall I answer the letter tonight?"

"Yes, if you have decided, with my help, of course."

"I know I could not settle it without you. And as for the biscuits!"

"As for the biscuits," said the minister's wife, "they will be settled with me, too, if I don't go down and see to them." She hurried down stairs, and Philip Strong, with a smile and a sigh, took up his pen and wrote replies to the calls he had received, refusing the call to Elmdale and accepting the one to Milton. And so the strange story of a great hearted man really began.

When he had finished writing these two letters, he wrote another, which throws so much light on his character and his purpose in going to Milton that we will insert that in this story as being necessary to its full understanding. This is the letter:

My Dear Alfred—Two years ago, when we left the ministry, you remember we promised each other in case either of us left his present parish to go to the other to know of it, and I suppose when I came that I should leave so soon, but I have just written a letter which means the beginning of a new life to me. I have accepted it. Two months ago my church here practically went out of existence through a union with the other church on the street. The history of that movement is too long for me to relate here, but I think I have been very successful in a supply, pending the final settlement of affairs, and so I was at liberty to accept a call elsewhere. I was surprised to find that you knew I did not believe in candidate for a place, and so I suppose their church committee came up here to listen to me. Two years ago nothing would have induced me to go to Milton. Today it seems perfectly clear that the Lord says to me, 'Go.' You know my natural inclination is toward a quiet, scholarly pastorage. Well, Milton is, as you know, a noisy, dirty, manufacturing town, full of workmen, cured with saloons and black with coal smoke and unwashed people. The 'Year Book' gives it 600 saloons in last year, and it is composed almost entirely of the leading families in the place. What I can do in such a church remains to be seen. My predecessor there, Dr. Brown, was a profound sermonizer and generally liked, I believe. He was a man of the old school and made no attempt, I understand, to bring the church into contact with the masses. You will say that such a church is a poor place in which to attempt a different work. I do not necessarily think so. The church of Christ is in it, I believe, a powerful engine to set in motion against all evil. I have great faith in the membership of almost any church in this



"I am convinced that I must go to Milton."

country to accomplish wonderful things for humanity, and I am going to Milton with that faith very strong in me. I feel as if a very great work could be done there. I feel as if I could do it. A town of 50,000 workmen, half of them foreigners; a town with more than 60 saloons in all; a town with seven churches of many different denominations all situated on one street and that street the most fashionable in the place, a town where the police records show an amount of crime and depravity unparalleled in the annals of any city—surely such a place presents an opportunity for the true church of Christ to do some splendid work. I hope to do it. I have the needs of the place. I have known the general condition of things in Milton ever since you and I did our summer work in the neighboring town of Clifton. If ever there was missionary ground in America, it is there. I may not understand just why the call comes to me to go to a place and do what I can except my wife and you could understand. You know that as an individual I am not a very ambitious man. It seems impossible for me to do the work that the active mission of this age demands of a man. It almost kills me to know that I am a critic of all that I say and do. And yet I know that I am a critic of all that I say and do. I have an almost morbid shrinking from the thought that people do not like me. Well, the ministry is not a very ambitious man. It seems impossible for me to do the work that the active mission of this age demands of a man. It almost kills me to know that I am a critic of all that I say and do. And yet I know that I am a critic of all that I say and do. I have an almost morbid shrinking from the thought that people do not like me. Well, the ministry is not a very ambitious man. It seems impossible for me to do the work that the active mission of this age demands of a man. It almost kills me to know that I am a critic of all that I say and do. And yet I know that I am a critic of all that I say and do. 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## Home Department.

EVERY  
MOTHER

Will be interested  
in the announce-  
ment made upon  
the fourth page re-  
garding the Maine  
Farmer.

## IF WE KNEW.

Could we draw the curtains  
That surround each other's lives,  
See the naked heart and spirit,  
Know what spur the action gives,  
Often we should find it better,  
Purer than we judge we should;  
We should love each other better  
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,  
See the good and bad within,  
Could we see the sinner,  
All the while we loathe the sin;  
Could we know the powers working  
To overthrow integrity?  
We should judge each other's errors  
With more patient charity.

If we knew the cares and trials,  
Know the efforts all in vain,  
And the bitter disappointments,  
Underneath the loss and gain—  
Would the grim, eternal roughness  
Seem, I wonder, just the same?  
Should we help, where now we hinder?  
Should we pity where we blame?

Alas! we judge each other harshly,  
Knowing not life's hidden forces;  
Knowing not the fount of action  
Is laid at its source.  
Seeing not amid the evil  
All the golden grain of good—  
Oh! we love each other better  
If we only understood.

—Bessie W. Smith.

## ONE WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

Editor Maine Farmer: As you honor  
my humble efforts to write some-  
thing I feel encouraged to tell you of  
some of my mistakes, that the inexperi-  
enced may take warning by my failures.  
I had been keeping house a few days  
when I made an attempt to cook some  
pumpkin pies. I had stewed the pump-  
kin the day before, with fair success.  
We had eggs and milk in plenty and all  
the ingredients needed, but I had no  
idea how stewed pumpkin can swell  
when put in milk and warmed. I took  
all that I had stewed and added a large  
pan of milk which made but little im-  
pression; I took more milk and still I  
could not get the stuff to suit me.  
Never since have I seen anything swell  
as.

In this dilemma I sought the advice  
of my nearest neighbor, a young woman  
who knew but little more than I did  
about cooking as she had attended and  
taught school nearly all her life. She  
kindly assisted me as well as she knew,  
but after she prepared the filling of the  
pies to her satisfaction, there was a very  
large quantity, in fact, about enough for  
two dozen pies. She was called home  
to care for her baby and I went to work  
to make the crust and place it on the  
plates.

Now every old cook knows that con-  
siderable practice is required to make a  
standing crust on a common baking  
plate that will be short and at the same  
time look neat and stand up during the  
baking. My idea of how to mix the  
crust was very vague. I knew it should  
have some shortening in it, so I took  
some butter which was rich and very  
sour, to that I added some sugar  
cream. It took a lot of soda to sweeten  
the mass. I then put the crust on the  
plates in my most scientific style. It  
took a long time to fix enough to fill the  
oven as these were my first pies. I filled  
them and put in all the oven would hold.  
As they cooked, the crusts rolled out till  
they were wonderful to look upon.

With a rueful countenance I regarded  
them as I took them from the oven when  
done. I knew something was wrong.  
What was it? They didn't look like other  
pies! By the time that my first oven  
full was done it was too late in the  
day to cook the rest, so I put my  
pumpkins and other things away for the  
next day's work.

At ten o'clock I selected the best looking  
pie to put on the table, with some  
milk, and I confess, for my stepmother  
had always been a noted cook for those  
days. Father came in from his work  
and as he took his seat at the table, I  
noticed that he was looking very sober  
for him. He helped wait on the chil-  
dren, took the little girl on his knee,  
while I poured the tea, etc. As he  
glanced over the table his eye rested on  
my pie! No doubt it struck him comi-  
cally, for the least glimmer of a smile,  
which he could not resist, passed over  
his face.

That was the "straw that broke the  
camel's back." I left the table in tears,  
and ran to an adjoining room. I could  
no longer control myself! I had worked  
very hard all day, and with the care of  
the children and the responsibility on  
my shoulders, I was weary in body and  
sick in mind. This outburst of grief  
was more than father could stand, and  
he followed me, and by kind and encour-  
aging words tried to heal the wounded  
heart, telling me I had done nicely, that  
he realized that I had a hard time, that  
experience would make me a noble  
housekeeper and cook. As he expressed  
more regard and sympathy for me than  
he had shown for a long time, it gave  
me new hope, and I did my best to dry  
my eyes.

When Sunday morning came, he  
went into his pulpit with the one  
thought in mind that he would simply  
and frankly, in his presentation of the  
subject, use the language and the spirit  
of his Master. He had seen that prop-  
erty owners during the week, and that  
his interview was nearly all similar  
to the one with Mr. Bentley. He had  
not been able to see Mr. William Win-  
ter, the chairman of the trustees, as he  
had not returned home until very late  
Saturday night. Philip saw him come  
into the church that morning, just as  
the choir rose to sing the anthem. Philip  
was a large, fine looking man, and he  
minimized his physical appearance as he  
marched down the aisle to his pew,  
which was the third from the front, di-  
rectly before the pulpit.

(Continued next week.)

**Palmer's Lotion**  
The great BEAUTIFIER and  
**Skin Curer**

For Pimples, Tetter, Eczema, and all  
Diseases of the Skin and Mucous Mem-  
branes that can be reached by an outward  
application.

**Lotion Soap**  
Prevents and assists in curing all such  
affections. At Druggists only.

**Beauty is Blood**—Clean, No  
Clean blood means a clean complexion.  
Beauty is blood. Clean your blood with  
stirring up the liver and driving all im-  
purities from the body. Begin today with  
banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads  
and that sickly complexion by using  
Cascara—beauty for ten cents. All drug-  
gists, satisfaction guaranteed. 10c, 25c, 50c.

my tears, and finally returned to the  
table, as he requested, but my appetite  
for tea was gone.

I did not cry myself to sleep nights,  
as they generally do in stories, for the  
reason that unless I was kept awake to  
care for some of the children, I was tired  
enough with hard work to sleep the  
sleep of innocence and utter exhaustion.  
We were spared from any serious sick-  
ness that winter, only such as falls to  
the lot of most children.

Consider: I was but little more than a  
child myself, then only 14 years old, and  
had not attained my full size. Another  
thing, people had not the conveniences  
to do work that are so common now.  
Wringing machines were unknown, also  
washing powders. The family's wash  
must be done in the old fashioned way,  
with water drawn from a well with  
sweep and pole, home-made soft soap,  
and elbow grease, unlimited. I had a  
large, old-fashioned two-story house to  
keep clean; there was not a painted floor  
in either story. The woodwork of the  
large kitchen had been painted, but the  
pantry and all other parts were unpaint-  
ed, and our neighbors lived in no better  
style than we did. There were more  
farmers' families who were not as well  
to do as we were than less in number.  
I had milk to take care of, butter to  
dress; we had never heard of a butter  
worker, raising cream as they do now,  
testing the temperature of the cream, or  
any of the modern facilities used by  
dairymen now. At the season of butch-  
ering I had extra work to do, the lard  
to render, and many things to see to that  
were new to my inexperienced.

Thinking to lighten my labor, father  
engaged a neighbor's daughter to help  
me, and while with us to go to school  
time she could get. She was three or  
four years older than I but in the end I  
found she had made my task no easier;  
the children disliked her; she had some  
very disagreeable ways, and I found  
very much trouble in controlling the children  
when she was around. There were no  
sewing machines in those days; what-  
ever sewing I had to do must be done by  
hand. A tailor was engaged to come  
and board with us while she made some  
suits of clothing for the boys, for that  
was beyond my skill.

The mode of living was so different  
from the present manner that young  
people can hardly believe what we tell  
them. The manner of cooking is quite  
different and so are the cooking utensils.  
I had never seen or heard of a cereal  
dish or a double boiler. We were fond  
of rice, so I thought it would be a good  
idea to cook some, it would be so nice  
for the children to eat with milk. I  
thought that any fool ought to know  
enough to cook rice. Ah! Little did I  
know the trap I was setting for myself.  
Of the nature of this excellent grain I  
had little conception. I mean its power  
of expansion. I took nearly two quarts  
of dry rice and after looking it over care-  
fully, washed and attempted to cook it.  
I had a round-bottomed, iron kettle that  
would hold about a peck. I put the rice  
in it and what water I thought would be  
sufficient. The water was soon absorbed  
and I added more, and still more.

The rice kept on swelling to my sur-  
prise and dismay till I had to dip out  
some and put in more water, and then  
dip out more. Oh, how it acted! Never  
did rice act so bad as that lot did. Be-  
fore I got through with it, I was heated  
to a fever pitch and half crazy standing  
over the fire and stirring, and stirring  
that awful mass. It got so much that  
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-  
pound did me so much good that I sent  
for four more, also two boxes of Liver  
Pills and one package of Sanative  
Gum. After taking these I felt like a  
new woman."—Mrs. G. A. WINTER  
Gilden, Ia., Box 282.

"I was suffering with falling of the  
womb, painful menstruation, head-  
ache, backache, pain in groins, ex-  
tending into the thighs; also a terrible  
pain at left of womb. The pain in my  
back was dreadful during menstrua-  
tion, and my head would ache until I  
would be nearly crazy. Lydia E.  
Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has  
given me great relief. I suffer no  
pain now, and I give your medicine  
all the praise."—Mrs. J. P. McSPADEN,  
Rosenberg, Tex.

**A Grateful Woman  
Recommends Lydia E.  
Pinkham's Vegetable  
Compound to Every Wife  
and Mother.**

"I have taken eight bottles of Lydia  
E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with  
most gratifying results. I had been  
married four years and had two chil-  
dren. I was ill run down, had fall-  
ing of womb with all its distressing  
symptoms. I had doctored with a good  
physician, but I derived very little good  
from his treatment. After taking a  
few bottles of your medicine, I was  
able to do my work and nurse my  
seven-months-old babe. I recommend  
your medicine to every wife and  
mother. Had I time, I could write  
much more in its praise. I bid you  
good-bye in your good work."  
—Mrs. L. A. MORRIS, Welaka, Putnam  
Co., Fla.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—When I com-  
menced the use of your remedies I was  
very badly off. My system was all  
troubled with flowing spells which  
made me very weak. I had two of the  
best doctors, but they did not seem to  
help me. They said my trouble was  
caused from weakness and was nothing  
to worry about. I felt better all the  
time; had no ambition. I was growing  
worse all the time until I began the  
use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable  
Compound. I am now able to help  
about the house, and am much im-  
proved in health."—Mrs. A. WALKER,  
Callicoon Depot, N. Y.

And if there is another and a better  
world than this, those of our restless,  
over-reaching, tolling rich men, who  
find themselves where their gold is melt-  
ing and water is scarce, may regret that  
they did not make better use of their  
money in a country where it was current  
and at a time when it was at par.

It was the evident intent of the Cre-  
ator to make the life of His creatures an  
enjoyable and a pleasant one. To birds,  
beasts, and fishes He gave the air and  
earth and water for their enjoyment; to  
them He gave but little care—that of  
procuring food for themselves and their  
young—and the young are not too long  
permitted to depend upon the parents' care.

To man He gave dominion over the  
earth, and through art and science, skill,  
labor, and industry he is to subject it to  
his use. That use is for the advance-  
ment of his pleasure, for healthful, ra-  
tional enjoyment.

Facts  
for  
Women

Any article, whatever its merit,  
must be made known to the public by  
means of advertising. Advertising,  
however, though it can do much for a  
thing, cannot do everything. It may  
create a sale for a time, but in order  
to insure a lasting demand the thing  
advertised must have solid worth.

This is the case with Lydia E. Pink-  
ham's Vegetable Compound. It has  
solid worth.

Women everywhere have learned  
this fact, and the result is that there  
is a lasting and absolutely unequalled  
demand for it. It has the largest sale  
of any remedy for female ills in the  
world, and this has been the case for  
years.

The reason for this is that Mrs.  
Pinkham claims nothing that she is  
not entitled to claim. She can do all  
that she says she can do, and her  
twenty years of experience make her  
advice invaluable. Her experience has  
been not only long but world-wide,  
and she has helped more women back  
to health than any other medicine in the  
world. These facts should, and do,  
have immense weight with all sensible  
women. Remember these are not wild  
statements but solid facts.

**Facts About the Good  
Being Done by Lydia E.  
Pinkham's Vegetable  
Compound in Cases of  
Change of Life, Bearing-  
Down Pains, Etc.**

"I had falling, inflammation and  
ulceration of the womb; backache,  
bearing-down pains; was so weak  
and nervous that I could not do my  
own work; had sick headache,  
no appetite, numb spells, hands and  
feet cold all the time. I had good  
doctors, but none of them did me any  
good. Through the advice of a lady  
friend I began the use of Lydia E.  
Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and  
after taking one bottle I felt greatly  
relieved, and by the time I had used  
several bottles was completely cured,  
so that I could do my work again. I  
am now passing through the change of  
life and using your Compound. It helps  
me wonderfully. I want every suffer-  
ing woman to know what your medi-  
cine has done for me."—Mrs. W. M.  
BULL, New Palestine, Mo.

**Facts About Two Cases  
of Falling of the Uterus  
Recovered by Lydia E.  
Pinkham's Vegetable  
Compound.**

"I suffered for fifteen years without  
finding any relief. I had doctors, but  
nothing seemed to do me any good. I  
was full of grief and half crazy stand-  
ing over the fire and stirring, and stirring  
that awful mass. It got so much that  
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-  
pound did me so much good that I sent  
for four more, also two boxes of Liver  
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time; had no ambition. I was growing  
worse all the time until I began the  
use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable  
Compound. I am now able to help  
about the house, and am much im-  
proved in health."—Mrs. A. WALKER,  
Callicoon Depot, N. Y.

And if there is another and a better  
world than this, those of our restless,  
over-reaching, tolling rich men, who  
find themselves where their gold is melt-  
ing and water is scarce, may regret that  
they did not make better use of their  
money in a country where it was current  
and at a time when it was at par.

It was the evident intent of the Cre-  
ator to make the life of His creatures an  
enjoyable and a pleasant one. To birds,  
beasts, and fishes He gave the air and  
earth and water for their enjoyment; to  
them He gave but little care—that of  
procuring food for themselves and their  
young—and the young are not too long  
permitted to depend upon the parents' care.

his use. That use is for the advance-  
ment of his pleasure, for healthful, ra-  
tional enjoyment.

The man or woman who does not  
make that use of life is as unnatural and  
ungrateful, as wicked and absurd, as the  
well fed bird who sits in the sun and  
will not sing. And the parent who does  
not delight in seeing children enjoy  
themselves is as unnatural as the auster  
sheep who sulks and frowns when lambs  
skip upon the meadow in the sun-  
light.

There is more sunshine than shadow,  
if we only look for it; there are more  
gay than grave things; there is more  
music and melody and joy and gladness  
in the natural universe than there is of  
sad and solemn sound and gloomy grief.  
The bright and glorious orb around  
which our earth revolves has only here  
and there a dark spot upon its shining  
surface; the moon is always half light,  
and reflects more of sunshine than  
shadow; the stars are ever bright, and  
when hidden by the darkness of inter-  
vening clouds, these are silver-lined.

There are  
Books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.  
There is music in the rustling wind  
the babbling stream, the insect's breath-  
ing hum, the song of birds, and the  
whir of cities; solemn anthems sung in  
forest leaves, and sublimest melody  
from the ocean wave.

This is a jolly world of ours if we  
would make it so. It is a glorious life  
spread out for enjoyment for the three  
score and ten of our allotment, if with  
happy hearts and cheerful minds we  
would make it so. Too many of us,  
ambitious of power, power to grow rich,  
anxious by vain vexations, make life a  
constant battle from the cradle to the  
grave.—Williamsport Breakfast Table.

## Young Folks.

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THE YOUNG FOLKS.**

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CLAIMS  
THE  
FIRST  
ONE?

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**The BOOK for BOYS.**

**LONESOME LITTLE WILLIE.**

"I'm just as sad as I can be! I'm lonesome,  
too, all day.  
They ain't no one to play with me when  
I'm alone!  
I'd like to romp with Johnny Dix, the boy 'at  
lives next door,  
But he won't let me 'cause he's six and I'm  
just only four."

I wish 'at I'd grow off tall some night  
when I'm asleep,  
And Johnny he'd stay just as small as he is  
now and keep  
But only six while I got ten or nine or 'leven  
—oh,  
'at he'd like to race me then—I wouldn't  
let him, though!

He says 'at I can go and play with Little Eddie  
West;  
But he wears kilts, and, any way, I like big  
It ain't no fun for me to be with such a little  
thing, 'cause he's just only half-past three—and I  
was four this spring.

I wish my papa didn't need to work down at  
the store;  
If he could stay home always we'd show that  
there boy next door!  
My papa he's the best of all, for he ain't  
never told  
Me I'm no good, jist 'cause I'm small and  
only four years old."  
—S. E. Kier, in Chicago Times Herald.

**A STORY OF OLDEN TIMES.**

About two hundred years ago the  
houses were made of logs, and usually  
opened to the south so that the sun  
might shine in. Inside of these houses  
there was nearly always a large fireplace,  
sometimes four or six feet wide at the  
back, and they had to do all of their  
cooking over this, and a little way from  
this was a table on which they kept their  
dishes. They used long benches and  
stools instead of chairs and they had  
two spinning wheels, one for spinning  
flax, and the other for wool and cotton;  
after they did their spinning they had  
hand looms and wove the cloth for their  
clothes. In those days they didn't have  
much of any style for dress, in the sum-  
mer the men had their suits of tow cloth,  
and in winter their clothes were made of  
wool on their feet they wore hand-knit  
leggings that came up to the knee; out-  
side of these they wore moccasins made  
of deer or moose skins. In the summer  
their hats were made of braided straw,  
and in the winter they wore caps made  
from the skins of some of the fur-bear-  
ing animals. The women's clothes were  
nearly all home made but of a smoother  
flax. For Sunday the men and women  
both had special clothes that were bet-  
ter than the ones they wore every day.  
There are men and women living now  
who can remember wearing home-made  
clothes.

"These people were very industrious,  
and after a year or two there was no  
danger of starvation for the waters were  
filled with fish and the woods with deer,  
moose, bear and grouse. These were  
caught in the summer and cured in some  
way so as to keep until winter, then after  
the crops were harvested they didn't  
have to worry about starvation, and  
berries also grew wild on bogs and in

open places. They made maple sugar  
and syrup, and out of all of the products  
the women used to get up many deli-  
cious dishes, some of which we have  
now, such as the Sunday morning baked  
beans and brown bread, pumpkin pies  
and Indian pudding.

They settled on coasts and rivers and  
all the way they went from one town to  
another was with boats; short distances  
in row boats, and long ways usually with  
sail craft. They adopted the Indians  
birch canoe soon after they settled here,  
and then they made some out of soft,  
white pine logs, in which they made  
quick trips by the use of a paddle or  
sweeping pole. The women also learned  
to be very skillful with these. In the  
winter when the rivers were frozen over,  
they made roads that they could travel  
with sleds or on snowshoes.

When they began to settle inland they  
had paths to go from place to place that  
were marked by blazed trees, and after  
while these became rough roads that they  
could travel with ox carts, then, when  
wagons and gigs came into use, they  
made the road so they could go  
over them with these. Their roads were  
made over the high hills so as to keep  
away from the swampy places, but when  
they did cross a swamp they bridged it  
by laying small logs cross-ways of it, as  
we do now in building a road in the  
woods, so there is another custom our  
forefathers had that we still retain.

Some of the roads that they built are  
still in use, and others have grown up  
with small trees and brush but still can  
be traced if one is looking for them.

The early settlers were a very busy  
people, and they had to be so in order to  
hew homes out of the wilderness. Hol-  
idays they knew nothing about except  
for religious services. Festivals were  
very rare indeed. Of course there were  
some times when they didn't have to  
work as hard but it probably didn't last  
long. When one had a piece of work to  
do and couldn't do it alone, he would  
invite his neighbors to help him a day or  
a half day, these gatherings being known  
as "bees." If it was a new settler begin-  
ning to clear a farm they would have a  
chopping bee, and if they were going to  
erect a new building they would have a  
raising bee to put the frame in place;  
and when the corn was ripe they had  
husking bees and the women had quilting  
bees and spinning bees and sometimes  
sewing bees; also evening husking and  
paring bees which were very popular  
among the young people. After they  
had a bee they would have a feast of the  
products that were good at that season.  
After the feast the young people were  
engaged in social games until the small  
hours of the morning. Many happy  
marriages have followed courtships be-  
gun at these paring or husking bees.

The early settlements grew so slowly  
that it was a long time before they be-  
came separate districts, such an interest  
existed among the people that everybody  
was acquainted with everybody else, and  
they were on nearly the same level. The  
women especially used to take their  
work and go visiting to spend the after-  
noon and take tea, and they also took  
their own cups and saucers. Here they  
talked over the happenings of the town  
or their own affairs, and in the evening  
their husbands were sometimes invited  
to come and spend the evening, then the  
affairs of the church were talked over  
until about nine o'clock when they re-  
turned to their homes.

This is a brief and imperfect outline  
of the "good old times" of our fore-  
fathers. There is a great contrast be-  
tween the way they had to live and the  
way we now live, but those hard and  
toilsome lives were the beginning of  
many of the best things in ours. Their  
earnestness to make them conquerors of  
the wilderness has descended to their  
children's children, and this is what has  
made Maine's sons and daughters influ-  
ential in every sphere. The need of  
helping each other made them kind and  
neighborly, and it still survives in their  
descendants, this being a very marked  
feature in Maine men and women, making  
them quick to fraternize with one an-  
other whenever and wherever they meet  
away from their native state. The hard-  
ships that the early settlers endured de-  
veloped in them a moral sturdiness and  
self-reliance that has also come down to  
their descendants, and which we shall  
do well not to suffer the easier condi-  
tions to impair.

LEDA E. SANBORN.

**Dear Boys and Girls:** I thought I  
would write about Columbus. He set  
sail from Palos, Spain. He left his little  
boy at a convent; the boy saw the vessel  
sail out of harbor. When the men got  
out at sea, they began to feel afraid, and  
said they were going to throw Columbus  
overboard. But as they were sailing along,  
they saw some land birds, and  
wanted Columbus to set sail southwest.  
Columbus did not want to do that, but  
the men told him that they would turn  
around and set sail for Palos, so Colum-  
bus set sail southwest, and as they were  
sailing along, one of the men pulled out  
a thorn bush from the water, and it had  
not been broken off long and was cov-  
ered with red berries. But another  
found a cane that was carved with human  
hands, and on the evening of Oct. 11,  
there was seen a moving light. Colum-  
bus landed and named the island Salva-  
dor, and then set sail and discovered the  
Island of Cuba, and there a vessel was  
wrecked. He took the wrecked vessel  
and built a fort and left some of the men  
there, then set sail for Palos. When he  
returned to Palos the streets were  
crowded with people to see the men that  
had crossed the sea of darkness.

IRVIN C. WHITMAN.

**Dear Young Folks:** My father takes  
the Maine Farmer and we like it very  
much. I like to read the letters from  
the boys and girls so I thought I would  
write one. I have a dog named Rex.

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